



# THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN.

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SATURDAY.....NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

## Lay Sermon.

ADAPTED TO THE CASES OF THOSE DEMOCRATS WHO  
JOIN THE KNOW-NOTHING HERESY.

"Ye have forsaken the right way and gone astray,  
following the way of Balaam the son of Bosor."—2  
Peter, 2, 15.

It is no new thing in the history of the world for men suddenly, as it were, to change their views on national policy, and even to break up the most cherished relationships, and connect themselves with those they have held in a life-long opposition. Nor is it anything new for a bold and plausible empiric to startle and mislead even men of good judgment, by an eloquent presentation of some novelty in politics. It is said that on the first appearance of the Political Justice of the celebrated William Godwin, that it attracted men of the most diverse views, and, until denounced by Burke, it seemed likely to sweep away the landmarks of party, and become the ablest architects of ruin the world had seen. As one consequence of some of his theories on the social state, his daughter was induced to elope with the poet Shelley, whose wife became insane, and fortunately dying, he was induced by the mortified father to marry her—thereby repudiating his own doctrines.

Something like this seems to have been in a measure the result of the appearance of Know-Nothingism, whose rise, culmination, and decline, is one of the marvels of our day. Men from all parties eagerly embraced it—Democrats of New York, from its determined hostility to Wm. H. Seward; those in Missouri, because it contributed mainly in riddling the State of Benton; the Whigs went into it, in hopes of seeing it destroy the Democratic party, and because their party had died with its leader; and very many from both parties, from the silliest apprehensions of Roman Catholicism. The only barrier to oppose this sweeping tide of error was the Democratic party; for Know-Nothingism had affiliated with the Abolitionists of the North and the Extremists of the South; requiring no subtle tests of membership, but became as catholic as the Roman church itself; and we heard a Know-Nothing say she would take a man if he was a Jew or Mahomedan, or infidel—anybody, if he would but pay the priest and kiss the Pope's toe.

But the Know-Nothing order has vanished—like the mist of the morning, or the "bubble on the fountain," or the "rainbow's lovely form," and that formidable army, as numerous as the hosts of Xerxes or Santa Anna's at Buena Vista, is scattered into guerrilla bands, and nowhere do they appear in any force, except at Louisville, New Orleans, and Baltimore, where they have spread consternation among the inhabitants, murdering unresisting citizens, burning the houses of the obnoxious, and diligently seeking after the offices that would not seek them.

These are far from the objects the Democrats who joined them expected to attain, and they resemble the travelers in the desert of Sahara; so gradually have the evidences of vegetation disappeared, that they can hardly realize they are surrounded by a trackless wilderness of sand: to proceed is destruction, and to return they have only bleaching bones to point the pathway; but every motive of patriotism bids them return. It seems a hard alternative, but they should accept it without hesitation. We know some who have "sought the bubble reputation, even in the cannon's mouth;" others who met Santa Anna on that field of Buena Vista, and others again who have faced a "frowning world" in asserting their religious convictions, and have urged others so to do; and we cannot believe that such men will hesitate at the call of duty, although they must endure the sneers of those who preach a "foolish consistency."

To err is human, to repair divine; and many who went into this heresy from convictions of duty have endured a thousand times more mortification, and made far more sacrifices of position and profit, than is required of them in returning to the bosom of their first love.

Those in middle life who went out from the Democratic party, after having served years under the leadership of Jackson and Polk, and other great captains; by whom the principles of Jefferson were received among the earliest lessons of childhood, must find themselves in strange companionship, surrounded by the fragments of Federalism and Free Soilism, and must acknowledge, if they would speak candidly, that they have forsaken the right way and gone astray, and followed the way of Balaam the son of Bosor."

Our last Weekly issue was delayed one day in consequence of changing our steam engine. We have just put up a new engine of more power than the one we have used heretofore, and do not expect to have to apologize for any future delay in issuing our paper. Our friends who are interested in machinery are invited to inspect this engine. It is one of 8-horse power made by GOULDING, BAGLEY & SEWALL, at Watertown, New York, and is, in our judgment, one of the neatest and most perfect pieces of machinery that we have ever seen at work. It is noiseless in its operations as regular in its stroke as clock work, and easy to govern. For perfection in workmanship and cheapness of cost we do not think it can be equalled by the manufacture of any other establishment in the country, and having tested it to our satisfaction, we confidently recommend the builders to all who want engines, boilers, or the apparatus pertaining to such articles. Mr. Victory, who came out with the engine to put it up, will remain here a few days, and will take orders for Messrs. Goulding, Bagley & Sewall.

[For the Yeoman  
OUR NEXT SERMON.  
HOPKINSVILLE, Ky., Nov. 1st, 1859.

DEAR SIR: Like Monsieur Montredier from his native position, reconnoitring the Austrian lines before the battle of Solferino, or like Luther from his castle-look of the Wartburg, or may be like the Evangelist John from the island of Patmos, I am certainly far enough away from the scene of conflict to take a cool view as the first, to offer some wholesome advice like the second, and to indulge a little harmless prophecy like the last.

I look, sir, upon the position of a Senator in the Congress of the United States as scarcely inferior to that of any in any government, in point of dignity and responsibility—embracing the advisory attribute of a cabinet officer with the legislative—a far more dignified attribute of sovereignty—besides personating a *perfect* sovereignty in a representative capacity. And having such an exalted estimate of the office, it is not only natural that I should feel some anxiety to see it worthily filled, but should desire to see it filled by a man who would have some weight with the very able body of men with whom he will be associated, and reflect some honor upon the State sending him. Besides, Kentucky has a prescriptive right to be ably represented, and should not disgrace the catalogue which is now her glory and her boast, by the addition of a dot or a cypher.

In the very first place, there should be a purity of life and an honor that knows no blemish. No rōne, or gambler, or drunkard should be permitted for an hour to represent this State; for who ever has been at Washington, has seen private citizens blush at being told, if they wished to meet their Senator or member, to go at such an hour to such a gambling-hell or brothel, as the surest place to meet them.

We should have a man imbued with the spirit of the age. We are making rapid strides in material and intellectual advancement, and it behoves us to have a Senator whose prejudice for the past does not blind him to the future; who could comprehend a continent as well as a country, one who could look with the prophetic vision of Jefferson, and remember "tis not pent up Utica controls our powers"—and dare to the completion of the compleat. And to this end we should have a man with sufficient youth to inaugurate a policy, and have a fair chance of living to see it carried out. I mean no disrespect to old age—God forbid; but this is not the position for old men. We are honoring a man to receive honor in return; we do not wish to decorate any one merely for the tomb. Kentucky has enough of buried statesmen, whose ashes she honors and whose fame she cherishes; but we are, if not like Shiller, upon "a centurie's verge," we are upon the eve of great events, and it requires the strong arm and lusty vigor of manhood for the country to reap the full advantages of the epoch.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Louisville Courier and Democrat and in the Frankfort Yeoman. The meeting then adjourned.

GEO. P. GULLION, Chairman.  
GEO. D. SEBREE, Secretary.

## Democratic Meeting in Carroll.

At a meeting of the Democracy of Carroll county, held in the court house in Carrollton, on Monday, the 7th day of November, 1859, Squire Geo. P. Gullion was called to the chair, and Geo. D. Sebree appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting having been explained by Capt. P. O. Turpin, the following resolutions were presented by Hon. H. Cox, and, after being read, were adopted:

Resolved, That we regard it to be the imperative duty of the Democracy of Kentucky to meet in State Convention during the ensuing winter, and we recommend the 9th day of January as the time, and Frankfort as the place of meeting of the Convention.

Resolved, That we unwaveringly adhere to the principles of our party as enunciated in the Cincinnati platform, and regard a strict adherence to those principles indispensably necessary to secure a triumph of our party and a perpetuity of the American Union.

Resolved, That we hold that the Constitution of the United States does not confer upon Congress the power to legislate slavery into or out of a Territory, and that Congress cannot confer upon a Territorial government higher powers than those which are conferred upon Congress by the Constitution.

Resolved, That the right to property is a right which underlies all civil society, and the doctrine that a Territorial Legislature has the power to exclude slavery from the Territory by unfriendly legislation or a Territorial Legislature, is an infringement upon that right and destructive of the Constitution.

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Resolved, That we can point with patriotic pride to that distinguished Kentuckian, the Hon. Jas. Guthrie, as a statesman whose stem integrity, whose exalted talents, and whose unwavering adherence to Democratic principles, titillate him for the highest office in the gift of the American people.

Resolved, That in the Hon. John C. Breckinridge the Democracy of Kentucky have a statesman of whom they may justly be proud, and we avail ourselves of this opportunity of expressing our decided preference for him for the office of United States Senator.

Resolved, That the present administration of the National Government justly commands itself to the warm approval of every lover of our noble system of government throughout the length and breadth of this republic.

Resolved, That the following gentlemen be appointed as delegates to the State Convention, viz: W. H. Lindsay, Smith Wm. Gullion, Geo. D. Sebree, Hon. H. Cox, P. O. Turpin, W. H. Gullion, H. R. Stafford, Geo. T. Campbell, H. H. Adecock, H. S. Gurnee, Ben. M. Pitt, and M. Giltner.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Louisville Courier and Democrat and in the Frankfort Yeoman.

The meeting then adjourned.

GEO. P. GULLION, Chairman.

GEO. D. SEBREE, Secretary.

## Democratic Meeting in Bourbon.

Pursuant to a notice in the last issue of the *Plaza*, the Democrats of Bourbon met in public meeting at the court house, in this place, on Monday last, for the purpose of appointing delegates to the State Convention, which is to assemble at Frankfort, on the 9th day of January, 1860. The meeting was called to order by Colonel Prall, and the Hon. R. Hawes called to the Chair, and A. Frank Brown, Esq., appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting being stated by the Chairman, it was

Resolved, That the Democracy of Bourbon county, will heartily co-operate with the friends from other counties, in the State Convention to be held in Frankfort, on the 9th of January, 1860, and that the following are chosen delegates from this county:

Thomas Jones, Val Hildreth, Hon. R. Hawes, John T. Woodliff, Horace R. Miller, Henry B. Buckner, Mason Talbot, Peter Bonta, Alexander Miller, F. Troutman, Charles Lincoln, Dr. Wm. Pryer, George Bean, John V. Love, Samuel Ewalt, Hill Roseberry, T. Skillman, John M. Miller, S. Bowles, Dr. Caillard, A. D. Cummins, Shawan, Daniel S. Talbot, Wm. E. Simms, John A. Prall, Wm. McClelland, Esq. Hinkle, Jas. Dorton, Frank Ford, Jas. Scott, Montgomery Hildreth, Wm. White, John T. McClure, Jas. S. Matson, Dr. J. Gibbons, A. Frank Brown, Joseph Hildreth, Aquilla Palmer, W. W. Pike, Nathaniel P. Rogers, David Dodge, James Simms, John G. Craddock, C. M. Hulst, J. F. McCormick, Charles Harris, Horace Benton, Jas. A. Miller, John V. Moore, W. D. Houston, H. R. Orr, Dan Hildreth.

Together with all Democrats of Bourbon who can attend.

Resolved, That having entire confidence in our representatives, we will not trammel their action on any matter in said convention, and will simply re-commend to our delegates, as well as our brethren in this and other States, that while we hold fast to the fundamental principles of our party as enunciated in former conventions, and express our unabated confidence in the executive of the United States. We should carefully abstain from unfriendly personal conflicts for office, and from all minor and subordinate differences of opinion among Democrats, and that in view of the formidable forces of the Opposition parties, the incongruous materials of which it is composed, and the dangerous sectional doctrines which it maintains, it is our deliberate opinion that there never has been a crisis in the country which more urgently appeals to the activity, harmony, and patriotism of the Democracy.

R. HAWES, Chairman.

A. FRANK BROWN, Secretary.

## Democratic Meeting in Hart County.

At a Democratic meeting held at the court house in Montfordville, Hart county, on Monday, Nov. 7, 1859, (being County Court day, B. C. Lin., Esq., was called to the chair, and James A. Dawson appointed Secretary.)

The object of the meeting being stated by the chair, Col. George I. Wood, at the close of an appropriate address, presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we regard the administration of our present Executive, James Buchanan, as eminently wise, conservative and national.

Resolved, That James Guthrie is a sound, conservative statesman of great ability, unwavering firmness and integrity of purpose, eminently qualified to discharge the duties of Chief Magistrate; that he is our first choice for President of the United States, and that our delegates to the Convention in Frankfort, in January next, be instructed to use all fair and honorable means to procure his nomination by the Charleston Convention.

Resolved, That Hon. Elijah Hise, owing to his great ability and unwavering devotion to the Union, is our choice for the office of United States Senator, in place of Hon. John J. Crittenton, whose term of service will soon expire.

On motion, the chair appointed Dr. C. J. Wal-

ton, Capt. John Donan, Col. John Lard, W. C. Livley, B. M. Lively, E. F. Smith, Thos. Hardy, Dr. William Adair, J. F. Bowles, Adam Roundtree, W. W. Wilson, E. Johns, Isham Combs, W. D. Lester, B. M. Stewart, D. Highbaugh, K. Jameson, H. Rose, R. W. Compton, J. S. Cobb, H. S. Shouly, Isaac W. Edwards, J. A. Dawson, Dr. J. H. King, W. B. Thompson, John Rose, J. C. Crouch, Samuel Durham, A. C. Murray, Joice in Wilson, J. P. Wilson, L. P. Wright, G. T. Wood, not so grieved that the grave doth inclose the dear form on the bosom oft soothed to repose; The spirit which made it so endearing and bright will miss from our circle her fairy-like form; Will miss her sweet voice, with its bird-like charm; The kiss of her lips, once so rosy and warm, And the sweet tingly clasp of her soft sunny arm.

Be not parents so grieved that the grave doth inclose the dear form on the bosom oft soothed to repose; The spirit which made it so endearing and bright will miss from our circle her fairy-like form; Will miss her sweet voice, with its bird-like charm; The kiss of her lips, once so rosy and warm, And the sweet tingly clasp of her soft sunny arm.

She has passed, but her memory will ever seem in the hearts that so loved her like a beautiful dream; She rare with the flowers, more lovely than they, Yet in Autumn, with them, she has faded away.

It was a young man of unusual promise—kind and amiable to all his relatives—polite and amiable to his friends. He gathered to his fathers, lame, and by all who knew him—*Commonwealth*.

Shebly News and Missouri papers please copy.

LINES.

An affectionate tribute to the memory of our little darling, Fannie H. China.

She came like a spirit of brightness in Spring—

The gift of a passing Angel's wing—

A vision of beauty befitting the sky—

Too lovely to live, too dear to die.

No rosebud e'er grew on the stem of the heart,

With its blushing leaves but half blown apart,

Exhale sweet fragrance love's heartstone to cheer,

Whose bright e'er awoke a more sorrowful tear.

She has passed, but her memory will ever seem in

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## THE TRI-WEEKLY YEOMAN.

### A Strange Retribution.

Henri Du Barre, a young French artist, became enamored of the only daughter of a well-to-do *aubergiste*, in the town of Carcassonne, in the south of France. Lucille Montaigne had beauty and money, and Henri Du Barre had wit and talent; but these latter were no fair equivalent for the former in the miserly eyes of the purse-prudent father, who declared that no daughter of his should marry a poor man, though he were blessed with the wisdom of a Solomon.

Now Lucille loved Henri—at least she told him so—but she was too prudent to clothe with him and risk disinheritance; for, after all, what was love without money?—poverty, coming in at the door, would send it flying through the window.

Poor Henri was in despair. He really did love Lucille, whether she did him or not—loved her madly; and his was one of those dark, fiery natures which makes love a wild, terrible passion.

How much money was necessary to make him her equal in the eyes of her worldly father? The *aubergiste* named the sum. It was large, and Henri sighed, and felt more dispair at his heart than ever. Suddenly he brightened up with the recollection that he had youth and genius, and that in some large city, Paris perhaps, where the latter would be appreciated, he might acquire both fortune and fame.

But would Lucille wait? Well, Lucille was willing to wait awhile—just then, as she admitted to herself, she could think of no one she liked better than the poor artist; and the earthly must have a limit, and the fair coquette thought her patience ought not to extend beyond a year.

A year is a very short time for a man to acquire fame and fortune, with the latter depending on the former; but Henri was young, and youth is sanguine, and at all events he would make a trial, hoping for great things, and knowing he could do no worse than fail.

So he finished his engagements hurriedly, declined any new ones, sold the few pictures on hand for a moderate sum, gathered together his scanty effects, bade his friends and Lucille adieu, and, with a hopeful but heavy heart, set off for the great metropolis of France.

It was a long journey from Carcassonne to Paris, in the slow conveyances of the period when Henri Du Barre made it; and it was nearly two weeks before he reached the gay capital. And then began his struggles with poverty; which clung to him, in spite of his hopes, his exertions and his prayers, for six weary months; when he gave up in despair, and secretly left the city, to beg his way back to Carcassonne, see his Lucille once more, bid her eternal adieu, and end a life no longer of any value to its possessor.

Henri Du Barre set out from Paris afoot and alone, depending solely upon the charity of French peasants for food and lodging. He had six sous in his pocket when he started, and these he invested in a deadly poison, which he carried as a dernier resort, determined not to suffer beyond what nature might reasonably bear, but which it was hoped to retain till he had again seen Lucille.

In this manner he reached and passed through Lyons, foot, sordid, ragged, and disheartened—an object indeed for commiseration. Twenty leagues beyond Lyons, in passing through a long, dark, lonely wood, he met a Jew, carrying a heavy pack on his back. The poor artist asked the Israelite for charity; his appeal was answered with a few coins, for which he thanked the giver, and then offered to carry his pack for him.

"Oh, no—it is nothing—it is nothing—a few old clothes only!" returned the Jew, hurriedly—so hurriedly, and with such evident uneasiness, in fact, as to awaken suspicion in the mind of the young artist that it contained something of great value.

Then it was that a wild, vague, undefined desire to possess it first took possession of the man who was now going home to die wretchedly, but whom two thousand francs might yet bless with life and happiness. When the mind of man takes a highly criminal bent, it seems as if some evil demon whispers in his ear the most plausible reasons for a wicked course.

Henri Du Barre, who had never before thought of harming a human being, now glared furiously and almost slanderingly around him, with the dark and sullenly thought in his brain, that if this old man were dead, and he the possessor of his pack, he might yet have a bright and glorious future. It was a dreary dismal spot in the thick wood where they both stood, and no human eye save theirs was looking upon the scene. "Why should this old man be ennobled with wealth, which could not bring him one tithe of the joy that it might him who covets its possession? He could not live many years, that old man at the most, and he might die at any minute, and his valuable effects become the heritage of strangers! What mattered a few years, more or less, to him—a wandering and despised old Jew? And why should he, the poor, miserable artist, hesitate between the Jew's life and his own? Were not all living creatures bound by the inner law of their being? Accordingly, Mr. Hendrickson was seized at Keyston, New Jersey, for practicing "jugglery," under the "Act for suppressing vice and immorality." At the trial, several builders, millwrights, engineers and philosophers were called, who testified positively that no such motive power as that alleged could drive the machine, and that there must be some concealed spring within the wooden cylinder. There was no help for it; and the imposture must be exploded. An axe was brought, and the cylinder splintered into fragments. Alas! for the philosophers, there was no concealed spring, and the machine had gone *de spite de tout!* But alas! also, for poor Hendrickson, the machine would go no more. With trembling hands he again resumed his spectacles and his jack knife. His model once more completed, he had a new machine constructed of brass, hollow throughout, so that the eye could examine all its parts. This was brought to our office nearly two years ago, when we noticed it once more, and gave our readers some of the facts we have now repeated. The inventor was trying to secure a patent for this discovery, but the work went on slowly. The Patent Office required a working model to test the principle, and one was sent on to Washington. The moment the blocks were taken out, the wheels started off like a thing of life, and during ten months that the model remained in the Patent Office, it never once stopped to breathe.

The inventor had perfected two new machines, and made a comfortable livelihood exhibiting them, prosecuting his efforts meanwhile to secure his patent, attending to the power to clock work, for which it is peculiarly well adapted. Age crept upon him, however, before this point was reached; his highest art could not make his heart-beatings perfect; and last Saturday afternoon he breathed his last, in the old home at Freehold. He had been so much persecuted by the incredulous, that he had provided a secret place beneath the floor of his shop where his last two machines were deposited. It was in the form of a vault, covered by a trap-door which was locked, and the floor so replaced

garments from him with the wild action of remorse and despair.

Suddenly he heard a clink as of money. Then he began to examine the old garments, and found, to his almost mad joy, that they contained immense treasures in gold and jewels—diamonds, sapphires, pearls and rubies, to the value, as he thought, of ten thousand francs, but in reality more than a hundred thousand.

Far in the depths of that dark wood, the murderer hid the most precious stones, to be brought forth in after time. There were two thousand five hundred francs in money; and with this amount he started for home, no longer a poor man, but, alas! even further than ever from being a happy one.

He traveled in his ragged clothes as far as Nismes, fearful of spending one of his ill-acquired coins sooner; but at Nismes he ventured to purchase a new and genteel suit, and in this shortly after, he appeared before Lucille, showed her father the sum required, which he represented as having been honestly obtained in his profession, and claimed her hand.

In due time Henri Du Barre married Lucille Montaigne, and happy were all at the wedding but the guilty groom, who was never to know happiness again. He kept his secret, however, and profited by it, making an occasional journey to the dismal spot of his crime, under pretence of traveling on business. He took away and disposed of the jewels one by one, and gradually grew opulent, and was regarded by all who knew him as an honest man of mark.

But the remembrance of his crime had a strange fascination for him, and much of his time was spent in brooding over it in secret.

Being an artist, he at length naturally conceived the idea of painting the scene of the murder; and he finally drew in miniature, on ivory, picturing himself in the act of dragging the dead Israelite into the forest, whose features, from memory only, he delineated with wonderful fidelity. And as if this were not enough to satisfy his morbid inclination, he wrote underneath: "Isaac, a Jew, murdered by Henri Du Barre, Artist, September the tenth, in a dark wood, about twenty leagues, south from Lyons."

It was a strange, insane idea, that of preserving a memory of the horrible deed in this manner; but this miniature of the scene he had set in a neat little frame, and carried it in a belt around his waist.

The case of the murderer was then called up.

Stephens was accordingly brought into court and placed in a mattock. He is looking pale and haggard, the subsidence from food and the large quantity of medicine taken by him having had a decided effect upon him. He bears an under his mouth with much fortitude, and is seldom heard to murmur.

It is counsel, Mr. Scott, who had endeavored to have his trial moved to an adjoining county, but was refused, appealed, and then a suspending of a jury was granted with.

Stephens was accordingly brought into court and placed in a mattock. He is looking pale and haggard, the subsidence from food and the large quantity of medicine taken by him having had a decided effect upon him. He bears an under his mouth with much fortitude, and is seldom heard to murmur.

This produced so strong an impression upon the second murderer, that he carried it to the authorities, and made a full confession of his own crime. A full and thorough investigation took place, and among the papers of Du Barre was found one containing the statement of the whole transaction, as we have here recorded it.

The second murderer, the son of the Jew, was subsequently executed, and so ended the chain of dark and bloody events.

Truly, the ways of Providence are wonderful and mysterious.

[From the New York Journal of Commerce.]

### Perpetual Motion.

About six years ago we published the first description of a machine invented by Mr. James G. Hendrickson, Freehold, New Jersey, "to go of itself." A model, which Mr. Hendrickson had made after patient whittling for forty years, was brought into our office, and we found that it would go without any impulse from without, and would not stop unless it was blocked. The power was a self-contained and self-adjusted, and the machine had failed in the past, and predicted the same disgrace for the new invention. Many scientific gentlemen visited it, and although they could not dispute the fact that it was "going," they nearly all attributed the movement to some hidden spring or ingenious trickery. The inventor, however, turned up its nose at them, and for the first time in his history, the inventor found a profit in his handwork. He was invited to be present at various fairs and exhibitions of new inventions, and wherever he went his machine formed one of the chief attractions.

Science, however, turned up its nose at him, and determined to put him down. The professors were all against him, and as they had pronounced the whole thing a humbug, they were determined to prove the truth of their assertion. Accordingly, Mr. Hendrickson was seized at Keyston, New Jersey, for practicing "jugglery," under the "Act for suppressing vice and immorality." At the trial, several builders, millwrights, engineers and philosophers were called, who testified positively that no such motive power as that alleged could drive the machine, and the machine had gone *de spite de tout!* The notice which we printed in the *New York Times*.

The prisoner was then handed over to the U. S. Marshal and lodged in jail, where he will remain until the trial of the Federal Court at St. Louis, which will not meet for some time.

The Stephens jury was discharged and a large number of the freeholders of the county were summoned to appear to morrow morning at nine o'clock, when the case of Cook will be taken up.

It will be defended by J. E. McDonald, Attorney-General, and Mr. Voorhees, District Attorney of Ind., and Dawson Bots and M. C. Green, of the Virginian bar.

The prosecution will be conducted by Andrew H. Parker.

The prisoner seems to be in good spirits, and is not without a hope of a verdict in his favor.

Governor Willard and Mr. Crowley, his brothers in law, will be present during the entire trial.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 9.—The trial of Cook attracted a great crowd in the court room, both yesterday and to-day. Governor Willard and Mr. Crowley, the brothers-in-law of the prisoner, occupied seats beside him. His counsel are J. E. McDonald, Esq., Attorney-General, and Mr. Voorhees, District Attorney of Indiana, and Messrs. Dawson Bots and Thomas G. Green, of the Virginian bar.

The Jew had bidden him good day, and was trudging onward, at a slow, steady pace, while these wild, wretched thoughts were coursing through the brain of the latter, with all the plausibility of truth.

"My good friend," called the artist to the Jew, "I am very faint; will you give me a few drops of that wine?"

"I will give you half," said the Israelite halting.

The artist advanced tremulously, produced the poison, and concealed it in his hand as he approached his victim, and, under pretence of wiping the mouth of the flask, dropped it in. Then he pretended to drink, and handed it back with thanks, begging the Jew to drink his health at their final parting. Isaac complied, and they separated, each going different ways.

As soon as Henri was out of sight of the Israelite, he entered the wood, and returned in an oblique direction, until he came in sight of his victim, who was now writhing in the agonies of death and groaning for mercy. A few minutes more, and he was still—the dread work was done.

Dragging the body from the road, and concealing it, the murderer next carried the pack into the forest, tore it open, and found it did indeed contain old clothes. He was nearly frantic. He had murdered a harmless old man, and got nothing for it. He threw the

garments from him with the wild action of remorse and despair.

Suddenly he heard a clink as of money. Then he began to examine the old garments, and found, to his almost mad joy, that they contained immense treasures in gold and jewels—diamonds, sapphires, pearls and rubies, to the value, as he thought, of ten thousand francs, but in reality more than a hundred thousand.

Far in the depths of that dark wood, the murderer hid the most precious stones, to be brought forth in after time. There were two thousand five hundred francs in money; and with this amount he started for home, no longer a poor man, but, alas! even further than ever from being a happy one.

He traveled in his ragged clothes as far as Nismes, fearful of spending one of his ill-acquired coins sooner; but at Nismes he ventured to purchase a new and genteel suit, and in this shortly after, he appeared before Lucille, showed her father the sum required, which he represented as having been honestly obtained in his profession, and claimed her hand.

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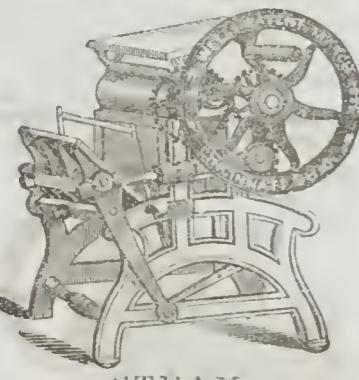
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13 Prizes of..... 25

14 Prizes of..... 10

15 Prizes of..... 5

16 Prizes of..... 2

17 Prizes of..... 1

18 Prizes of..... 1

19 Prizes of..... 1

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